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FROM THE BEQUEST OF

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THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.

———*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.
OVID. de Arte Am.

DUBLIN:

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To Her Royal Highneſs the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high Station, which by Your Birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a Duty, whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highneſs: But that more exalted Place, to which Your Virtues have rais'd You, above the reſt of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praiſe, rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is univerſally Bleſs'd, is always an univerſal Bleſſing. Thus from Yourſelf we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incenſe which ariſes to Your Name only returns to its Original, and but naturally requites the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, conſtituted on a Moral, whoſe End is to recommend and to encourage Virtue, of conſequence has recourſe to Your Royal Highneſs's Patronage; aſpiring to caſt itſelf beneath your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Faſhion in the People, for even they who are averſe to Inſtruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of ſo near an Acceſs, as to partake of the Benefit of ſuch Examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes it ſelf from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Uſe and Information. For they who are at that Diſtance from original Greatneſs, as to be depriv'd of the Happineſs of contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highneſs's Perſon in Your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abſtracted and repreſented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by Precepts which perſuade, but alſo by Examples which illuſtrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Inſtruction; when not only Virtue is preſcribed, but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the Livelineſs of a feign'd Repreſentation of Great and Good Perſons and their Actions, how muſt we be charm'd with beholding the Perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touch'd in the ſingle Action and ſmall Compaſs of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the ſeeming Succeſs and Proſperity of the Actor; with what

what Zeal muſt the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreaſing Happineſs of thoſe who are the true and living Inſtances of elevated and perſiſting Virtue? Even the vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret Veneration for thoſe peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in Your Royal Highneſs; and though repining, feel a Pleaſure which in ſpite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the Reſemblance of any of thoſe many Excellencies which You ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit Your leaſt Approbation, it has the End and Accompliſhment of its Deſign. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet if there is ſo much as to convince Your Royal Highneſs, that a Play may be with Induſtry ſo diſpos'd (in ſpite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become ſometimes an Innocent and not Unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompenſe the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Time has been when Plays were not ſo plenty,
And a leſs Number new would well content ye,
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear;
And one was thought ſufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reaſon join'd together;
For juſt as one prognoſticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or ſcarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods of Fools.
In ſuch like Prophecies were Poets ſkill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The Dearth of Wit they did ſo long preſage,
Is fall'n on us, and almoſt ſtarves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you ſaw
Poor Actors threſh ſuch empty Sheafs of Straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To ſtart a Jeſt, or force a little Senſe.
Hard Fate For us! ſtill harder in th' Event;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone Repent.
Still they proceed, and at our Charge, write worſe;
'Twere ſome Amends if they could reimburſe,
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cauſe is loſt,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Coſt.

Good

PROLOGUE.

Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Cuſtom gives the Loſers leave to Speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who damns a brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the Wits relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poet's Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his Aim;
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not loſe thro' Prejudice his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain precariouſly Applauſe.
Impartial Cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt Degrees to ſtand or fall.

Dramatis Perſonæ,

MEN.

Manuel, the King of *Granada*.
Gonſalez, his Favourite.
Garcia, Son to *Gonſalez*.
Perez, Captain of the Guards.
Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to *Gonſalez*.
Oſmyn, a Noble Priſoner.
Heli, a Priſoner, his Friend.
Selim, an Eunuch.

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princeſs of *Granada*.
Zara, a Captive Queen.
Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princeſs.

Women, Eunuchs and Mutes attending Zara, *Guards, &c.*

The SCENE *GRANADA.*

THE

THE

MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

The Curtain rising ſlowly to ſoft Muſick, diſcovers ALMERIA *in Mourning,* LEONORA *waiting in Mourning.*

After the Muſick, ALMERIA *riſes from her Chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSICK has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living ſouls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and perſuaſive ſound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of conſtant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs:

Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at peace; laſt night
The ſilent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his ſorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable boſom.
Why am I not at peace?

Leon. Dear madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cauſe———

Alm. No cauſe! peace, peace; there is eternal cauſe.
And miſery eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell———thou haſt indeed no cauſe,

Leon. Believe me, madam, I lament *Anſelmo*,
And always did compaſſionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from bed, and to his priſon crept;
Where, while his goaler ſlept, I thro' the grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my ſighs and prayers for his deliv'rance;
For ſighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle nature
That thus cou'dſt melt to ſee a ſtranger's wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadſt thou known *Anſelmo*,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to ſee his ſuff'rings.
Thou hadſt no cauſe, but general compaſſion.

Leon. Love of my royal miſtreſs gave me cauſe,
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard that when the chance of war
Had bleſs'd *Anſelmo*'s arms with victory,
And the rich ſpoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his ſucceſs; that then, in ſpite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between *Valentia*'s and *Granada*'s kings,
He did endear himſelf to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His moſt induſtrious goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing by a match between *Alphonſo*
His ſon, the brave *Valentia* prince, and you,
To end the long diſſention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

Alm.

Alm. Alphonſo! O *Alphonſo!*
Thou too art quiet —— long haſt been at peace ——
Both, both —— father and ſon are now no more.
Then why am I? O when ſhall I have reſt?
Why do I live to ſay you are no more?
Why are all theſe things thus ——— is it of force?
Is there neceſſity, I muſt be miſerable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heav'n
That I ſhould be afflicted thus? ——— If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? why are things laid
By ſome unſeen hand, ſo, as of ſure conſequence
They muſt to me bring curſes, grief of heart,
The laſt diſtreſs of life, and ſure deſpair?

Leo. Alas, you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anſelmo*'s court?
Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly?
Why not ill treated like an enemy?
For ſo my father wou'd have us'd his child.
O *Alphonſo, Alphonſo!*
Devouring ſeas have waſh'd thee from my ſight,
No time ſhall raſe thee from my memory;
No, I will live to be thy monument:
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear reſemblance is for ever fix'd;
My love, my lord, my huſband ſtill, tho' loſt.

Leo. Huſband! O heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! what have I ſaid?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that ſecret; though I know
Thy love and faith to me deſerve all confidence.
But 'tis the wretch's comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall reſerve of near and inward woe,
Some unſuſpected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, and weep and mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'ſt not half,
Know'ſt nothing of my ſorrows—if thou didſt—

If I ſhou'd tell thee, wou'dſt thou pity me?
Tell me, I know thou wou'dſt, thou art compaſſionate.
Leo. Witneſs theſe tears———
Alm. I thank thee ——— *Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad miſtreſs:
For 'tis, alas, the poor prerogative
Of greatneſs, to be wretched and unpitied———
But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee———what?
My miſeries; thou doſt already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
It was becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo*:
For to have known my loſs, thou muſt have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderneſs of love.
Leo. The memory of that brave prince ſtands fair
In all report———
And I have heard imperfectly his loſs;
But fearful to renew your troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to aſk the ſtory.
Alm. If for my ſwelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the day when *Manuel*, my father,
Led on his conq'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king *Anſelmo*'s palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidſt his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge———wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid thoſe Flames——— but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ſhip
Ready to ſail; and when this news was brought
We put to ſea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken, when a ſudden ſtorm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the coaſt
Of *Africk*: there our veſſel ſtruck the ſhoar,
And bulging 'gainſt a rock was daſh'd to pieces.
But heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The ſhoal, and ſave me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.

Leo.

Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonſo*,
Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd;
For when my lord beheld the ſhip purſuing,
And ſaw her rate ſo far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd conſent the prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
That whether death or victory enſu'd,
I might be his; beyond the power of fate:
The queen too did aſſiſt his ſuit——I granted;
And in one day, was wedded, and a widow.
Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful ——
Alm. 'Twas —— as I have told thee——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watry eyes,
Or ever taſte content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my *Alphonſo*. (rows,
Leo. Look down, good heav'n, with pity on her ſor-
And grant that time may bring her ſome relief.
Alm. O no, time gives encreaſe to my afflictions.
The circling hours, that gather all the woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come heavy-laden with th' oppreſſing weight,
To me; with me, ſucceſſively, they leave
The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight;
They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me.
Leo. Hark! [*Shouts at a diſtance.*
The diſtant ſhouts proclaim your father's triumph;
O ceaſe, for heav'ns ſake, aſſwage a little
This torrent of your grief; for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath to ſee you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.
Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him *Garcia* comes——*Garcia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die;

Firſt,

Firſt, die ten thouſand deaths—look down, look down
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred vow I make; [*kneels.*
One moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect bliſs,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give conſent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then juſt heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry heav'n's vengeance)
Than any I have endur'd — and now [*Riſing.*
My heart has ſome relief; having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leo. My heart, my life and will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee, 'tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrapp'd and buſied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmo*'s tomb.

Leo. Alas! I fear ſome fatal reſolution.

Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence.————I feel my ſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly,
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy thought,
Upon my word no more.

Leo. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

Alon. The lord *Gonſalez*, comes to tell your highneſs
The king is juſt arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with *Garcia*'s valiant deeds;
And gild and magnifie his ſon's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

SCENE

SCENE III.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Gonſ. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The ſun, bright conqueſt, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous light,
And bleſs this day with moſt unequal'd luſtre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with ſpoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is entering now in martial pomp the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his ſolemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of *Mooriſh* wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with guttering gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing ſteeds,
White as the fleecy rain on *Alpine* hills;
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they diſdain'd the victory they grace.
Priſoners of war in ſhining fetters follow;
And captains of the nobleſt blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his chariot wheel, and lick and grind,
With gnaſhing teeth, the duſt his triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming populace ſpread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold, thro' clifted ſtones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feed it's faculty of admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this ſight;
This ſight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord my eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with ſounding words,
Or pompous phraſe; the pageantry of ſouls:
But that my father is return'd in ſafety,
I bend to heav'n with thanks.

Gonſ. Excellent princeſs!
But 'tis a taſk unfit for my weak age,
With dying words, to offer at your praiſe.
Garcia, my ſon, your beauty's loweſt ſlave,
Has better done; improving with his ſword

The

The force and influence of your matchleſs charms.
Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcia*'s deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.
Leo. Madam, the king, [*Flouriſh.*
Alm. My women. I wou'd meet him.
[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of Warlike Muſick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia *and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in order round the ſtage.* Almeria *rueets the King, and kneels; afterwards* Gonſalez *kneels and kiſſes the King's hand, while* Garcia *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

King. Almeria, riſe——my beſt *Gonſalez,* riſe.
What, tears! my good old friend.——
Gonſ. But tears of joy.
Believe me, ſir, to ſee you thus, has fill'd
My eyes with more delight than they can hold.
King. By heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt:
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this occaſion——ſome
Here are, who ſeem to mourn at our ſucceſs!
Why is't, *Almeria,* that you meet our eyes,
Upon this ſolemn day, in theſe ſad weeds?
In oppoſition to my brightneſs, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.
Alm. Forgive me, ſir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to heav'n,
In mourning and ſtrict life, for my deliverance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expired.
King. Your zeal to heav'n is great, ſo is your debt:
Yet ſomething too is due to me, who gave
That life, which heav'n preſerv'd. A day beſtow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A diſpenſation to your vow——no more.
'Twas weak and wilful——and a woman's error.
Yet upon thought it doubly wounds my ſight,
To ſee that ſable worn upon the day

Succeeding

Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt foe,
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd——by heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: juſt ſo,
Thy ſenſeleſs vow appear'd to bear its date.
Not from that hour wherein thou wer't preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! what? thou doſt not weep to think of that?

Gonſ. Have patience, royal ſir, the princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour ſhould be *Alphonſo*'s loſs,
And her deliverance; is ſhe to blame?

King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt foe was laid in earth, ſuch enmity,
Such deteſtation, bears my blood to his;
My daughter ſhould have revell'd at his death,
She ſhould have made theſe palace walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve? By heav'n,
There's not a ſlave, a ſhackled ſlave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that hour, through all his care,
And ſhook his chains in tranſport and rude harmony.

Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in exceſs of goodneſs!
Betray'd by too much piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended.——Sure, no more.

King. To ſeem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wonot have a ſeeming ſorrow ſeen
To-day——Retire, diveſt your ſelf with ſpeed
Of that offenſive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow: for you,
It ſhall be your excuſe, that I command it.
(Garcia *kneeling.*

Gar. Your pardon, ſir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious promiſe.

King. Riſe, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria.*

Alm. My boding heart!——What is your pleaſure, ſir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand; and, *Garcia*' yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your huſband, and my ſon.

Gar.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield my ſelf for ever
The ſlave and creature of my royal miſtreſs.
Gonſ. O let me proſtrate, pay my worthleſs thanks—
King. No more; my promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy ſervices,
And *Garcia*'s well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph, but to-morrow's ſun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy nuptials———
Alm. Oh! *(Faints.*
Gar. She faints! help to ſupport her.
Gonſ. She recovers.
King. A fit of bridal fear. How, is't, *Almeria?*
Alm. A ſudden chilneſs ſeizes on my ſpirits.
Your leave, ſir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the Door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a prieſt ſhall preach her from her faith,
And make it ſin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo?*

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, *Attendants.*

Alon. Your beauteous captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a train as if ſhe ſtill were wife
To *Abucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.
King. It is our will ſhe ſhou'd be ſo attended.
Bear hence theſe priſoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whoſe mute valour you relate ſuch wonders?
[Priſoners led off.
Gar. Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* horſe; but he,
Great ſir, at her requeſt attends on *Zara*.
King. He is your priſoner, as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.
Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my kindneſs;
And with a haughty mein, and ſtern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he ſpeak,
'Tis ſcarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.

King.

King. Such ſullenneſs, and in a man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other cauſe than his captivity.
Did *Zara,* then, requeſt he might attend her?
Gar. My Lord, ſhe did.
King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA, *and* OSMYN *bound, conducted by* PEREZ *and a Guard, and attended by* SELIM *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours beauteous *Zara,*
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch luſtre ſtrike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your preſence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and ſeen
Their monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleaſing triumph led; your beauty's ſlave.
Zara. If I on any terms could condeſcend
To like captivity, or think thoſe honours,
Which conquerors in courteſie beſtow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right to arbitrary ſway;
I might be pleas'd when I behold this train
With uſual homage wait. But when I feel
Theſe bonds, I look with loathing on my ſelf;
And ſcorn vile ſlavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath mock praiſes, and diſſembled ſtate.
King. Thoſe bonds! 'twas my command you ſhould be free.
How durſt you, *Perez,* diſobey?
Per. Great Sir,
Your order was, ſhe ſhould not wait your triumph;
But at ſome diſtance follow thus attended.
King. 'Tis falſe; 'twas more; I bid ſhe ſhould be free:
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid—Free her and hers

With

With ſpeed——Yet ſtay——my hands alone can make
Fit reſtitution here——Thus I releaſe you,
And by releaſing you enſlave my ſelf.
Zara. Such favours ſo conferr'd, tho' when unſought,
Deſerve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by tranſcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, ſo by preheminence of ſoul
To rule all hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[*Beholding* Oſmyn *as they unbind him.*
And ſullen port, glooms downward with his eyes;
At once regardleſs of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I ſpoke; that's *Oſmyn.*
King. He anſwers well the character you gave him.
Whence come's it, valiant *Oſmyn,* that a man
So great in arms as thou art ſaid to be,
So hardly can endure captivity
The common chance of war.
Oſm. Becauſe captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and juſt revenge.
King. I underſtand not that.
Oſm. I would not have you.
Zar. That gallant *Moor* in battle loſt a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loſs,
Has caus'd this melancholy and deſpair.
King. She does excuſe him; 'tis as I ſuſpected.
[*To* Gonſalez.
Gonſ. That friend may be her ſelf; ſeem not to heed
His arrogant reply. She looks concern'd.
King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a priſoner. His name.
Zara. Heli.
King. Garcia, that ſearch ſhall be your care:
It ſhall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair ſhrine to lay my laurels down,
And raiſe love's altar on the ſpoils of war.

Conqueſt

Conqueſt and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, lingring there, in long ſuſpence ſhe ſtands,
Shifting the prize in unreſolving hands,
Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her delay,
Fix'd her by force, and ſnatch'd the doubtful day.
Now, late I find that war is but her ſport;
In love the goddeſs keeps her awful court:
Fickle in fields, unſteadily ſhe flies,
But rules with ſettled ſway in *Zara*'s eyes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THis way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chuſing this lonely manſion of the dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken fate.

Heli. Let heav'n with thunder to the centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very deed from death,
And to re-viſit, with my long clos'd eyes
This living light, cou'd to my ſoul, or ſenſe,
Afford a thought, or ſhew a glimpſe of joy,
In leaſt proportion to the vaſt delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyn*'s name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.

Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your friendſhip.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? Where?

Gar. I ſaw him not, nor any like him———

Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my view,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd haſte; his eyes

Seem'd

Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance;
Then forward shot their fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some object frightful, yet not fear'd.
Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.
Heli. My lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.
I know his melancholy, and such starts
Are usual to his temper. It might raise him
To act some violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his soul gives all her passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly solitude,
I know his noble heart wou'd burst with shame,
To be surpris'd by strangers in its frailty.
Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your friend,
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the privacies of others.

SCENE II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

Gar. Perez, the king expects from our return
To have his jealousie, confirm'd, or clear'd,
Of that appearing love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other opportunity
Must make that plain.
Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry look from him and her confirms it.
Gar. If so, unhappiness attends their love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming.
The friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.
Leo. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted Isle.
We'll listen———
Leo. Hark!

Alm.

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death——'Tis dreadful!
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquility. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice——my own affrights me with its echo's.

Leo. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will encrease your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo*'s tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale coarse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of *Garcia*'s more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my *Alphonso*'s soul.

Leo. I go; but heav'n can tell with what regret.

SCENE IV.

The Scene *opening discovers a place of tombs: One Monument fronting the view greater than the rest.*

HELL.

I wander thro' this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him——Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining——There it sounds——I'll follow it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

Leo. Behold the ſacred vault, within whoſe womb
The poor remains of good *Anſelmo* reſt;
Yet freſh and unconſum'd by time or worms.
What do I ſee? O heav'n! either my eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates that lead to death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth ſignificant in ſhow,
Invites me to the bed where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the grave, where nature, weary,
And long oppreſs'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and ſink in ſlumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayie breaſt. My father then
Will ceaſe his tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My ſoul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount
And range the ſtarry orbs and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid light, and float on ſeas of bliſs
To my *Alphonſo*'s ſoul O joy too great!
O extaſie of thought; Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo:*
O *Alphonſo!*

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *aſcending from the tomb.*

Oſm. Who calls that wretched thing that was *Alphonſo?*
Alm. Angels and all the hoſt of heav'n ſupport me!
Oſm. Whence is that voice, whoſe ſhrilneſs from the grave,

And

And growing to his father's ſhrowd, roots up
Alphonſo?
Alm. Mercy! Providence! O ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me
Leonora, in thy boſom, from the light,
And from my eyes.
Oſm. Amazement and illuſion!
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye pow'rs;
(Coming forward.
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it e'er it goes, and graſp her ſhade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe herſelf!
Nor dead, nor ſhade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my wife!

SCENE VII.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN, HELI.

Leo. Alas, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He too is fainting———Help me, help me, ſtranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raiſe
Theſe bodies.
Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with———*Almeria!*
O miracle of happineſs! O joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!
Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe, ſhew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine———'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd,
Look up, *Almeria*, bleſs me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy huſband.
Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a father?———
Oſm. Look on thy *Alphonſo*.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor *Garcia:*

Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo*.
Wilt thou not know me? haſt thou then forgot me?
Haſt thou thy eyes, yet can'ſt not ſee *Alphonſo*?
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?
Alm. It is, it is *Alphonſo*; 'tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundleſs deep,
To ſeas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd? how haſt thou charm'd
The wildneſs of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.
Oſm. O I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumſtance
Or means by which I have thee———
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is ſo much joy,
I have not leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.
Alm. Stay a while———
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.
Oſm. What would'ſt thou? thou doſt put me from thee.
Alm. Yes.
Oſm. And why? What doſt thou mean? Why doſt thou gaze ſo?
Alm. I know not; 'tis to ſee thy face, I think------
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee him thus again is ſuch profuſion
Of joy, of bliſs——— I cannot bear——— I muſt
Be mad——— I cannot be tranſported thus.
Oſm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!
Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful heav'n, what are we!
O my ſtrain'd heart———let me again behold thee,
For I weep to ſee thee———Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Oſm.

Oſm. Not in my love.
Alm. No, no, thy griefs, I know have done this to thee.
Thou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo*; and, I fear,
Too much, too tenderly lamented me.
Oſm. Wrong not my love, to ſay too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears of grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ake to hold thee faſt, and grow
To thee with twining? come, come to my heart.
Alm. I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
To heav'n and thee, and ſooner would have dy'd------
Oſm. Perfection of all faithfulneſs and love!
Alm. Indeed I would—Nay, I would tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a ſaint:
And thou haſt heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my diſtreſs, to my deſpair, which heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd.
Oſm. Grant me but life, good heav'n, but length of days,
To pay ſome part, ſome little of this debt,
This countleſs ſum of tenderneſs and love,
For which I ſtand engag'd to this All-excellence:
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough——— I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all *Æra*'s then
Of yet unmeaſur'd time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing goodneſs,
Some recompence of love and matchleſs truth.
Alm. 'Tis more than recompence, to ſee thy face;
If heav'n is greater joy it is no happineſs,
For 'tis not to be born——— What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand things to know, and aſk,
And ſpeak—That thou art here, beyond all hope,
All thought; that all at once thou art before me,
And with ſuch ſuddenneſs haſt hit my ſight,
Is ſuch ſurprize, ſuch myſtery, ſuch ecſtaſie!

It hurries all my ſoul, and ſtuns my ſenſe.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didſt ariſe!
Oſm. I did; and thou, my love, didſt call me; thou.
Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?
Oſm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a diſtant voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred ſilence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I roſe and liſten'd,
And thought I heard thy ſpirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee—
Alm. But ſtill, how com'ſt thou hither? How thus?
——Ha!
What's he, who like thy ſelf is ſtarted here
E'er ſeen?
Oſm. Where? ha! What do I ſee? *Antonio?*
I'm fortunate indeed——my friend too, ſafe?
Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.
Alm. More miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!
Oſm. And twice eſcap'd, both from the rage of ſeas
And war: for in the fight I ſaw him fall.
Heli. But fell unhurt, a priſoner as your ſelf,
And as yourſelf made free, hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you, to lament *Anſelmo.*
Oſm. There are no wonders, or elſe all is wonder.
Heli. I ſaw you on the ground, and rais'd you up:
When with Aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Almeria.*
Oſm. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.
Alm. Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Oſm. What means the bounty of All-gracious heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open hand,
It ſcatters good, as in a waſte of mercy!
Where will this end! but heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty number ſhall be ſpent in telling.
Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpſe
Of two in ſhining habits croſs the iſle;
Who by their pointing ſeem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.

Oſm.

Ofm. I wiſh at leaſt, our parting were a dream,
Or we could ſleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with *Selim*, Sir; I ſaw and know 'em:
You muſt be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? who is ſhe? why are you alarm'd?
Ofm. She's the reverſe of thee; ſhe's my unhappineſs.
Harbour no thought that may diſturb thy peace;
But gently take thy ſelf away, leſt ſhe
Should come, and ſee the ſtraining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonſo*, now, but *Oſmyn*;
And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,
E'er next we meet———
Alm. Sure we ſhall meet again———
Ofm. We ſhall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladneſs and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in abſence.

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN *alone.*

Yet I behold thee—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought;
So ſhall you ſtill behold her———'twill not be.
O impotence of ſight! mechanick ſenſe,
Which to exterior objects ow'ſt thy faculty,
Not ſeeing of election, but neceſſity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding images:
Not what they would, but muſt; a ſtar, or toad:
Juſt as the hand of chance adminiſters.
Not ſo the mind, whoſe undetermin'd view
Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt:
Eſſaying further to futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have ſeen her often———

SCENE IX.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. See where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought; a ſtatue among ſtatues.
Why, cruel *Oſmyn*, doſt thou fly me thus?
Is it well done? is this then the return
For fame, for honour, and for empire loſt?
But what is loſs of honour, fame and empire?
Is this the recompence reſerv'd for love?
Why doſt thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
To find this place of horror and obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My love? but to the grave I'll follow thee———
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous man,
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Oſmyn*.

Oſm. Ha, 'tis *Zara!*

Zara. Yes, traitor; *Zara*, loſt, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardleſs ſuppliant, now, to *Oſmyn*.
The ſlave, the wretch that ſhe redeem'd from death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara*.

Oſm. Far be the guilt of ſuch reproaches from me;
Loſt in myſelf, and blinded by my thoughts,
I ſaw you not, till now.

Zara. Now then you ſee me———
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Oſm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn?
And only for his ſorrows choſe this ſolitude?
Look round; joy is not here, nor chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd misfortune to it's dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladneſs there.

Zara. Inhuman! why, why doſt thou wrack me thus?
And with perverſeneſs, from the purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this houſe of miſery?
What joy do I require? if thou doſt mourn,

I come

I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.
Oſm. O that's the greateſt grief——I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.
Zara. Thou haſt a heart, though 'tis a ſavage one;
Give it me as it is; I aſk no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly was it love; for thou wert god-like
Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks; then chaf'd
Thy temples, 'till reviving blood aroſe,
And like the morn vermilion'd o'er thy face.
O heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy reſpiring lips!
Oſm. O call not to my mind what you have done;
It ſets a debt of that account before me,
Which ſhews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.
Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my women know
The dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous king;
What arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
When he receiv'd you as the prince of *Fez*;
And as my kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my huſband
To this invaſion, where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a ſlave.
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to ſlavery;
Think on my ſufferings firſt, then look on me;
Think on the cauſe of all, then view thy ſelf:
Reflect on *Oſmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the loſt, and now the captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd on the world what then is *Oſmyn?*

Oſm. A fatal wretch——a huge ſtupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, cruſh'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.
Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vileſt,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis ſtill to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The ſteps on which we tread, to riſe, and reach
Our wiſh; and that obtained, down with the ſcaffolding
Of ſcepters, crowns, and thrones; they've ſerv'd their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and ſcorn'd.
Oſm. Why was I made the inſtrument, to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?
Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unſeen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind or ſtrain him as I pleaſe.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.
Oſm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can beſtow. Set free yourſelf,
And leave a ſlave the wretch that would be ſo.
Zara. Thou canſt not mean ſo poorly as thou talk'ſt.
Oſm. Alas, you know me not.
Zara. Not who thou art:
But what, this laſt ingratitude declares,
This groveling baſeneſs----thou ſay'ſt true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art yet wants a name:
By ſomething ſo unworthy, and ſo vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more loſt,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monſter, cold and perfidious ſlave;
A ſlave, not daring to be free! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:
'Tis that, I know; for thou doſt look, with eyes
Sparkling deſire, and trembling to poſſeſs,
I know my charms have reach'd thy very ſoul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted fires: but thou
Doſt fear ſo much, thou dar'ſt not wiſh. The king!
There, there's the dreadful ſound, the king's thy rival!
Sel. Madam, the king [illegible] and entring now.

Zara.

Zara. As I could wiſh; by heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the* KING, PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

King. Why does the faireſt of her kind withdraw
Her ſhining from the day, to gild this Scene
Of death and night? Ha! what diſorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king?
Or lift his eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your priſoner, and that was my ſlave.

King. How? better than my hopes? Does ſhe accuſe him? *(Aſide.*

Zara. Am I become ſo low by my captivity,
And do your arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the ſport of ſlaves?
And ſhall the wretch, whom yeſter ſun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Preſume to day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hiſſing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that inſolence.
'Tis daring for a god. Hence, to the wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and priſons
Drag him with ſpeed, and rid me of his face.
(Guards ſeize Oſmyn.

Zara. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his ſtate,
Whoſe former faith had merited much more:
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large; thence ſprung his inſolence,
And what was charity, he conſtru'd love.

King. Enough; his puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this place of ſorrow,
To one, where young delights attend; and joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And ſpread like roſes on the morning ſun:

Where ev'ry hour ſhall roll in circling joys,
And love ſhall wing the tedious-waſting day.
Life without love is load; and time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Priſon.

OSMYN *alone with a Paper.*

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's aſhes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of heav'n that leads me thus,
And for ſome purpoſe points out theſe remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper, what it is this light will ſhew.

If my Alphonſo——Ha! (Reading.
If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, heav'n;*
Give me more weight, cruſh my declining years
With bolts, with chains, impriſonment and want;
But bleſs my ſon, viſit not him for me.

It is his hand; this was his pray'r——yet more:

Let ev'ry hair, which ſorrow by the roots (Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my ſon:
Not for my ſelf, but him; hear me, all-gracious——

'Tis wanting what ſhou'd follow---*Heav'n* ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off——Why ſhou'd that word alone
Be torn from his petition? 'twas to heav'n,
But heav'n was deaf, heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, ſhutting the gates of pray'r againſt him.
If piety be thus debarr'd access

On

On high, and of good men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed and bear the ſcourge,
What is reward? or what is puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax eternal juſtice!
Yet I may think————I may, I muſt; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
E'er reaſon can be born, Reaſon, the power
To gueſs at right and wrong; the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt ſhade and ſhining.
What noiſe! who's there? my friend! how cam'ſt thou hither?

SCENE II.

OSMYN, HELI.

Heli. The time's too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The captain, influenc'd by *Almeria*'s power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Oſm. How does *Almeria?* but I know, ſhe is,
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may; anon, at midnight when the king
Is gone to reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a bridegroom's right) ſhe'll come.

Oſm. She'll come! 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O heav'n!
To a vile priſon, and a captive wretch;
To one, whom had ſhe never known ſhe had
Been happy: why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow with unwearied ſteps,
One, who has tir'd misfortune with purſuing?
One, driv'n about the world like blaſted leaves
And chaff, the ſport of adverſe winds; 'till late
At length, impriſon'd in ſome cleft of rock,
Or earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent duſt.

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are diſorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to ſhare the plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own uſe and avarice

Converts.

Converts. This news has reach'd *Valentia*'s frontiers;
Where many of your ſubjects, long oppreſs'd
With tyranny and grievous impoſitions,
Are riſen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their rights and liberty.
Oſm. By heav'n thou'ſt rous'd me from my lethargy.
The ſpirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood;
Deaf to revenge——nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing ſighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raiſe, my people's voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on fire,
My ſoul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the foe, with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their ſhouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns; where is the king?
Where is *Alphonſo?* ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the ſtrings of life,
To break thoſe chains. Off, off, ye ſtains of royalty.
Off, ſlavery. O curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would ſoar, and ſtoop at victory beneath.
Heli. Our poſture of affairs, and ſcanty time,
My lord, require you ſhould compoſe your ſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cauſe of your reſtraint, may be
The means of liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out ways
For your eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With ſpeed and ſafety, to convey my ſelf
Where not far off ſome male-contents hold council
Nightly; who hate this tyrant; ſome, who love
Anſelmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your cauſe.
Oſm. My friend and counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.
Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your averſion.
Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble love:
But as I may, I'll do. I hav[illegible] paper

Which

Which I would ſhew thee, friend, but that the ſight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition,
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his ſorrows;
Such ſanctity, ſuch tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
With grief, as wou'd draw tears from inhumanity.

Heli. The care of providence ſure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain: heav'n has in ſtore
For you, theſe bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that aſſurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

Oſm. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou doſt deſerve attend thee.

SCENE III.

OSMYN *alone.*

I've been to blame, and queſtion'd with impiety
The care of heav'n. Not ſo my father bore
More anxious grief. This ſhould have better taught me:
This leſſon, in ſome hour of inſpiration,
By him ſet down; when his pure thoughts were born,
Like fumes of ſacred incenſe o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on angel's wings, thro' ways
Of light, to the bright ſource of all. For there
He in the book of preſcience ſaw this day;
And waking to the world and mortal ſenſe,
Left this example of his reſignation,
This his laſt legacy to me, which, here,
I'll treaſure, as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

SCENE IV.

OSMYN, ZARA *veil'd.*

Oſm. What brightneſs breaks upon me thus thro' ſhades,
And promiſes a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love —

Zara.

Zara. O that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her Veil.*
Thy tongue that ſaying.
Oſm. Zara! I am betray'd
By my ſurpriſe.
Zara. What, does my face diſpleaſe thee?
That having ſeen it, thou doſt turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror.
If ſo, this ſable curtain ſhall again
Be drawn, and I will ſtand before thee ſeeing,
And unſeen. Is it my love? aſk again
That queſtion, ſpeak again in that ſoft voice,
And look again with wiſhes in thy eyes.
O no, thou canſt not, for thou ſeeſt me now,
As ſhe, whoſe ſavage breaſt has been the cauſe
Of theſe thy wrongs; as ſhe, whoſe barbarous rage
Has loaden thee with chains and galling irons:
Well doſt thou ſcorn me, and upbraid my falſeneſs:
Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom ſhe lov'd?
No, no, it muſt be hatred, dire revenge,
And deteſtation, that cou'd uſe thee thus.
So thou doſt think; then do but tell me ſo;
Tell me, and thou ſhalt ſee how I'll revenge
Thee on this falſe one, how I'll ſtab and tear
This heart of flint 'till it ſhall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miſeries.
Oſm. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my fortune with ſo low a mind,
As ſtill to meditate revenge on all
Whom chance, or fate working by ſecret cauſes,
Has made perforce ſubſervient to that end
The heav'nly pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
But deſtiny and inauſpicious ſtars
Have caſt me down to this low being: or,
Granting you had, from you I have deſerv'd it.
Zara. Canſt thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madneſs?
O, give that madneſs yet a milder name,
And call it paſſion; then, be ſtill more kind,
And call that paſſion love.
Oſm. Give it a name,
Or being as you pleaſe, ſuch I [illegible]

Zara.

Zara. O thou doſt wound me more with this thy goodneſs,
Than e'er thou could'ſt with bittereſt reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

Oſm. Yet I could wiſh ———

Zara. Haſte me to know it: what?

Oſm. That at this time I had not been this thing.

Zara. What thing?

Oſm. This ſlave.

Zara. O heav'n! my fears interpret
This thy ſilence; ſomewhat of high concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring mind,
And now juſt ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? tell me, am I ſo curs'd?

Oſm. Time may have ſtill one fated hour to come,
Which wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.

Zara. Swift as occaſion, I
My ſelf will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes paſt arriv'd, which ſeem'd
To ſhake the temper of the king ——— who knows
What racking cares diſeaſe a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night ſtill lights his lamp,
And ſtrikes his rays thro' duſk, and folded lids,
Forbidding reſt, may ſtretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

Oſm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, ſhou'd my ſecret purpoſe take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch benefits.

Zara. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But now,
So does the form of our engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy juſtice to return
My love. Adieu.

SCENE

SCENE V.

OSMYN *alone.*

This woman has a ſoul
Of god-like mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpight of me, my beſt
Eſteem; to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of perſonal charms, or with leſs vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings.
But ſhe has paſſions which out-ſtrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempeſts root
The ſea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the truth,
Some ſwift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my fears,
The cauſe and comforts of my boding heart.

SCENE VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

Oſm. My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad place?
How ſpeak to thee the words of joy and tranſport?
How run into thy arms, with-held by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt and bruiſe thy tender body,
And ſtain thy boſom with the ruſt of theſe
Rude irons! muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more——now we will part no more;
For theſe thy chains, or death, ſhall join us ever.

Oſm. Hard means to ratifie that word!—O cruelty!
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A torture!——yet, ſuch is the bleeding anguiſh
Of my heart, to ſee thy ſufferings—O heav'n!
That I could almoſt turn my eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my ſight.

Alm.

Alm. O! say not so;
Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me: do not say,
On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and mingling in
One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
Drink bitter draughts, with never-slacking thirst.
Thus better, than for any cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me————speak, and take me in thy arms----
Thou canst not! thy poor arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy flesh, festring thy limbs
With rankling rust.

Osm. Oh! O————

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I wou'd not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? to know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it: tell it me
————Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness!

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense!
Hate us'd thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Thou'd not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other wound,
And woe shou'd be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife————

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,

Kill

Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me; what, am I the bosom-snake,
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
O that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder!
So shou'dst thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes;
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Di'st thou not say, that racks and wheels were balm,
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that hell,
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife —— nay, thou art yet my bride;
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious rites
Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swail'd with sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such off'rings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes?
Is this our marriage-bed! are these our joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my heart!
To call thee mine? yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasie,
But O! thou art not mine, not ev'n in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.

There

There we will feaſt, and ſmile on paſt diſtreſs,
And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual ruin.
Oſm. O thou doſt talk, my love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how the blood will ſtart, and tears will guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating ſoul.
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia!*
Then will I ſmear theſe walls with blood, diſfigure
And daſh my face, and rive my clotted hair.
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd hands to ſcratch a grave,
Stripping my nails, to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.
Alm. Heart-breaking horror!
Oſm. Then *Garcia* ſhall lye painting on thy boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy charms;
And thou perforce muſt yield, and aid his tranſport.
Hell! hell! have I not cauſe to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing ſoftneſs, ſinking eaſe,
And wafting air to this? O my *Almeria!*
What do the damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?
[illegible]ate O, I am ſtruck; thy words are bolts of ice,
[illegible] ihot into my breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not ——— O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of inceſſant ſcalding rain.

SCENE VII.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN, ALMERIA.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me requires his free-
dom.

Dare

Dare you diſpute the king's command? behold
The royal ſignet.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majeſty one moment to defer
Your entring, till the princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble priſoner.
Zara. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?
Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my life, with ſpeed——alas, we're ſeen:
Speak of compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceeding for me with the king;
Say ſomewhat quickly to conceal our loves,
If poſſible——
Alm.——I cannot ſpeak.
Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her.
But till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd——death and deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this myſtery!
The blueſt blaſt of peſtilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.
Oſm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
(*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes out.*
Diſtreſs'd, heav'n will repay; all thanks are p

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler! yet I will be calm;
Choak in my rage, and know the utmoſt depth
Of this deceiver——you ſeem much ſurpriz'd.
Oſm. At your return ſo ſoon and unexpected!
Zara. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! yet I will contain my ſelf.
You're grown a favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſawcy and intruding——
Oſm.——Madam!

Zara.

Zara. I did not know the princeſs' favourite;
Your pardon, Sir————miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free: but ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an intereſt ſuperior.
Oſm. You do not come to mock my miſeries?
Zara. I do.
Oſm. I could at this time ſpare your mirth.
Zara. I know thou cou'dſt; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miſeries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majeſty?
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forſake their down, to wake with watry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of reſt.
O curſe! I cannot hold————
Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.
Zara. Villain!
Oſm. How, Madam!
Zara. Thou ſhalt die.
Oſm. I thank you.
Zara. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'dſt live.
Oſm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.
Zara. Hell! hell!
Yet I'll be calm————dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the ſlow hand
Of fate ſtretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
The bare, the naked mark of publick view.
Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.
Zara. Who waits there? as you'll anſwer it, look, this ſlave *(To the Guard.*
Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The publick ſafety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe injuſtice thou haſt done my love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt diſtreſs,
And all thoſe ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n

Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury, like a woman ſcorn'd.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. THou haſt already rack'd me with thy ſtay;
Therefore require me not to aſk thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Sel. Your accuſation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of *Oſmyn*; but to that, freſh news
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high offices of weight and truſt,
Both in the ſtate and army. This confirms
The king, in full belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn*, and his correſpondence
With them who firſt began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is ſign'd;
And order given for publick execution.

Zara. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t'impart e'er *Oſmyn* die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will ſtrait be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own Int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the life of *Oſmyn*.

Zara. What ſhall I ſay? invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the king, and ſave his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more grief but to ſuppoſe his death,
Than ſtill to meet the rigour of his ſcorn.
From my deſpair my anger had its ſource;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's deſpair ——— it was diſtruſt
Before;

Before; diſtruſt will ever be in love,
And anger in diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd pains.
But in deſpair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born——deviſe the means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th' approaching danger?

Sel. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyn*'s death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed ſuſpicion of the cauſe. Adviſe,
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own requeſt's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cauſe to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyn*'s int'reſt,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an eſcape.
The ſtate of things will countenance all ſuſpicions.
Then offer to the king to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant——and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA, SELIM.

King. Bear to the dungeon thoſe rebellious ſlaves,
Th' ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
And ſpend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.

Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,

'Till

'Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conſpiracy.
King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, ſoldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor.*
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Heli?*
Gonſ. None, Sir. Some papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigo*'s houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*
Were ſtill alive, and arming in *Valentia:*
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their courſe.
Of the ſame nature divers notes have been
Diſpers'd, t'amuſe the people; whereupon
Some ready of belief have rais'd this rumour:
That being ſav'd upon the coaſt of *Africk,*
He there diſclos'd himſelf to *Albucacim,*
And by a ſecret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn,* then *Alphonſo!*
O heav'n! a thouſand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as ſure deſpair
For me, if it be known——If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt baſeneſs, now
To yield him up——No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.
Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome impoſtor has uſurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacim*'s court.
King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome hour of buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing ſand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the day.

Zara.

Zara. You're too ſecure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.
King. His doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then. But he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more, is that a triple league
Of ſtricteſt friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, *Heli*, and the traitor *Oſmyn*.
King. Publick report is ratify'd in this.
Zara. And *Oſmyn*'s death requir'd of ſtrong neceſſity.
King. Give order ſtrait that all the pris'ners die.
Zara. Forbear a moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your miniſter.
King. Let all except *Gonſalez* leave the room.

SCENE III.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*
His private practice and conſpiracy
Againſt your ſtate: and fully to diſcharge
My ſelf of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the place of death.
King. Is treaſon then ſo near us as our guards!
Zara. Moſt certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my train ſome mutes,
A preſent once from the *Sultana* queen,
In the *Grand Signior*'s court. Theſe, from their infancy
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and ſhall
(As there the cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.

Gonſ. My lord, the queen adviſes well.

King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great ſervices?
To caſt beneath your feet the crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the pris'ner, but ſuch mutes as I
Shall ſend.

King. Who waits there?

SCENE IV.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM, PEREZ.

King. On your life take heed,
That only *Zara*'s mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They and no other, not the princeſs ſelf.

Perez. Your majeſty ſhall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

SCENE V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Gonſ. That interdiction ſo particular,
Pronounc'd with vehemence againſt the princeſs,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not——Your majeſty ſure might have ſpar'd
That laſt reſtraint; you hardly can ſuſpect
The princeſs is confederate with the *Moor*.

Zara. I've heard, her charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him, at his requeſt.

Gonſ. Ha!

King. How? ſhe viſit *Oſmyn!* what, my daughter?

Sel.

Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.
Zara. And after did ſollicit you on his
Behalf———
King. Never. You have been miſ-inform'd.
Zara. Indeed? then 'twas a whiſper ſpread by ſome,
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtruction for my miniſters of death.

SCENE VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

Gonſ. There's ſomewhat yet of myſtery in this;
Her words and actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree;
I like it not.
King. What doſt thou think, *Gonſalez*;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?
Gonſ. I am a little ſlow of credit, Sir,
In the ſincerity of woman's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the *Moor*
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends———I doubt it now——your guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I'th' evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal ſignet to releaſe him;
I'th' morning he muſt die again; e'er noon
Her mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.
King. Yet, that there's truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd,
Is manifeſt from every circumſtance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are confirmation———that *Alphonſo* lives,
Agrees expreſly too with her report.
Gonſ. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealouſie, ſhe has diſcover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needleſs caution of the princeſs?

What if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn?* tho' 'twere ſtrange.
But if ſhe had, what was't to her? unleſs
She fear'd her ſtronger charms might cauſe the *Moor*'s
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.
There's reaſon in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my daughter ſaw this *Moor?*

Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſo's friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his account to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? by heaven thou haſt rouz'd a thought,
That like a ſudden earthquake ſhakes my frame.
Confuſion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh *Moor.*

Gonſ. That were too hard a thought——but ſee ſhe comes.
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyn*'s death, as he's *Alphonſo*'s friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſollicit for him.

SCENE VII.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

King. Your coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have
[Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean theſe ſwoll'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguiſh? why this, on the day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy nuptials:
But that the beams of light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking gore, from traytors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
Nor ſhall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the day of death,
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.
King. Whence is thy grief? give me to know the cauſe,
And look thou anſwer me with truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy falſhood.
Why art thou mute? baſe and degenerate maid!
Gonſ. Dear madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the king.
Alm. What is't to ſpeak? or wherefore ſhou'd I ſpeak?
What mean theſe tears, but grief unutterable?
King. They are the dumb confeſſions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt; and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conſpirators to take my life.
O impious paricide! now canſt thou ſpeak?
Alm. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy boſom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to ſtream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compaſſion, take
Into thy womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent;
——I have no parent elſe——be thou a mother,
And ſtep between me and the curſe of him,
Who was——who was, but is no more a father,
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.
King. Riſe, I command thee riſe—and if thou wou'dſt
Acquit thy ſelf of thoſe deteſted names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed *Oſmyn.*
Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purpoſes, ſo heav'n's
My witneſs.
King. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence? O patience! hear——She owns it!
Confeſſes it! by heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd.—all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am loſt—there fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me; then, if thou canſt, reply; know, traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is.———
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt ſword,
And cleaves my heart; I wou'd have borne it all,
Nay, all the pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorſeleſs rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender fleſh; to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.
King. Hell, hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, e'er I curſe———fly my juſt rage with ſpeed;
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.
Alm. And yet a father! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away——look on me kneeling;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever father curſe his kneeling child!
Never: for always bleſſings crown that poſture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that duty,
Stooping to raiſe from earth the filial reverence;
For bended knees returning folding arms,
With pray'rs, and bleſſings, and paternal love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth———
King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light impreſſion thou haſt made remains.
Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor looſe this hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.
King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my ſoul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go.———call her attendants.
[Leonora *and women return.*

Alm.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare boſom,
I'll not let go 'till you have ſpar'd my huſband.
King. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou? huſband! huſband! damnation!
What huſband? which? who?
Alm. He, he is my huſband.
King. Poiſon and daggers! who?
Alm. O——— [*Faints.*
Gonſ. Help, ſupport her.
Alm. Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep——I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will;
I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedneſs with my own fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip off life, and we will change:
I will be death; then tho' you kill my Huſband
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.
King. What huſband? who? whom doſt thou mean?
Gonſ. She raves!
Alm. O that I did. *Oſmyn*, he is my huſband.
King. Oſmyn!
Alm. Not *Oſmyn*, but *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded huſband———heav'n, and air, and ſeas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witneſs.
King. Wilder than winds or waves thy ſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy madneſs.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning ſenſe, and bring me word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her life.

SCENE VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA, *Attendants.*

Alm. O ſtay, yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to heav'n I were———He's gone.
Gonſ. Have comfort.
Alm. Curs'd be that tongue, that bids me be of comfort;
Curs'd my own tongue, that cou'd not move his pity;
Curs'd theſe weak hands that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſo*'s death.

Gonſ. Your too exceſſive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your ſenſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.
Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd flatterer;
Source of my woes: thou and thy race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dſt alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal ſecret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.
Gonſ. Ha!
Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my *Alphonſo*'s breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly head glares by, all ſmear'd with blood,
Gaſping as it would ſpeak; and after, ſee!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it——Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it ſounds and calls
Me from the tomb——I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.

SCENE IX.

GONSALEZ *alone.*

She's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates
My policy: I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her miſtake.
Her huſband too! ha! where is *Garcia* then?
And where the crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him.
To grace the line of my poſterity?
Hold, let me think——if I ſhou'd tell the king——
Things come to this extremity? his daughter
Wedded already——what if he ſhou'd yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anſelmo's race; yet if——that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is folly.

But

But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To ſet him free? ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented tale! he was *Alphonſo*'s friend,
This ſubtle woman will amuſe the king,
If I delay———'twill do———or better ſo.
One to my wiſh. *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

SCENE X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Alon. The king expects your lordſhip.
Gonſ. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'th' way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.
Alon. If't pleaſe your lordſhip, I'll return, and ſay
I have not ſeen you.
Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I would——but go; anon will ſerve———
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me ſervice.
Alonz. I am your creature.
Gonſ. Say thou art my friend.
I've ſeen thy ſword do noble execution.
Alon. All that it can your lordſhip ſhall command.
Gonſ. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'ſt ſeen,
Among the followers of the captive queen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by ſigns.
Alon. I have, my lord.
Gonſ. Cou'dſt thou procure, with ſpeed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee ſuch reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy wiſh.
Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your lordſhip?
Gonſ. At my apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen———haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on *Garcia*'s head.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

King. NOT to be found? in an ill hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor ſhe her ſelf, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?
Per. None, my lord.
King. Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?
Per. Faſt bound in double chains, and at full length
He lyes ſupine on earth; with as much eaſe
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As looſe the rivets of his bonds.
King. 'Tis well.
[*A mute appears, and ſeeing the King retires.*
Ha! ſtop and ſeize that mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his boſom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his errand.
[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a paper.*
Alon. O bloody proof of obſtinate fidelity!
King. What doſt thou mean?
Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the man,
He ſnatch'd from out his boſom this —— and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once to cram
The morſel down his throat. I catch'd his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his ponyard from his ſide,
And on the inſtant plung'd it in his breaſt.
King. Remove the body thence e'er *Zara* ſee it.
Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his attire.
'Twill quit me of my promiſe to *Gonſalez*.

SCENE

SCENE [illegible]icion,

KING, PEREZ.

Per. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

King. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof!
[*Having read the Letter.*
O, give me patience, all ye powers! oh, rather,
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury——ha! who's there?

Per. My lord.

King. Hence, ſlave! how dar'ſt thou 'bide, to watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a king deſcends;
How like thy ſelf, when paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy life: for thou wert fix'd
And planted here to ſee me gorge this bait,
And laſh againſt the hook——by heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*, knew'ſt
My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the ſpy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

King. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where ſhe ſets down —— *Still will I ſet thee free*——
[*Reading.*
That ſomewhere is repeated——*I have power*
O'er them that are thy guards——Mark that, thou traytor.

Per. It was your majeſty's command, I ſhould
Obey her order——

King. [*Reading.*]—— *And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo——hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonſo!*
Falſe and perfidious *Zara!* ſtrumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love,
All nature, ſoftneſs, pity and compaſſion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breaſt, revenge and gall.
By heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork his treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—— anſwer me, ſlave.

Per.

Per. My life not merited those titles.
King. Dar'st reply? take that—thy service? thine? *(Strikes him.*
What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in *Alphonso*'s heart.
Why dost thou start? resolve, or———
Per.———Sir, I will.
King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.
(Perez *going.*
—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment.
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
I'll be conducted thither———mark me well——
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
And laid along as he now lies supine,
I shall convict her to her face of falshood.
When for *Alphonso*'s she shall take my hand,
And breath her sighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
But see, she comes; I'll shun th' encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.

SCENE III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Zara. The mute not yet return'd! ha, 'twas the king!
The king that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red angry beams; as if his sight
Would like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its course. Dost think
He saw me?
Sel. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara.

Zara. Shun me when ſeen! I now thou haſt undone me.
Thy ſhallow artifice begets ſuſpicion,
And, like a cobweb-veil, but thinly ſhades
The face of thy deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect miſchief!
Thou like the adder, venemous and deaf,
Haſt ſtung the traveller; and, after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling leaves and bended graſs
Confeſs, and point the path which thou haſt crept.
O fate of fools; officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

Sel. Avert it, heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my defect: or that the means which I
Deviſ'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your deſign!
Preſcience is heav'ns alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd in what as being man,
I needs muſt fail; impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but puniſh nature in me:
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiv'n. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my breaſt to meet your juſt revenge.

Zara. I have not leiſure now to take ſo poor
A forfeit as thy life: ſomewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought,
When I've concluded on my ſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Give order, that the two remaining mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a bowl
Of ſuch ingredients mix'd, as will with ſpeed
Benum the living faculties, and give
Moſt eaſie and inevitable death.
Yes, *Oſmyn*, yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo*,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such liberty as I embrace my ſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SCENE *opening ſhews the Priſon.*

GONSALEZ *alone, diſguis'd like a Mute, with a Dagger.*

Gonſ. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been buſie here.
There lies my way, that door too is unlock'd. *(Looks in*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps —— all's dark within, ſave what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly flame,
By fits reveals —— his face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What noiſe! ſomebody coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo?*
Nobody? ſure he'll wait without, —— I would
'Twere done —— I'll crawl, and ſting him to the heart:
Then caſt my ſkin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
(Goes in.

SCENE V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

Gar. Where? where, *Alonzo?* where's my father?
The king? confuſion! all is on the rout! (where
All's loſt, all ruin'd by ſurpriſe and treachery.
Where, where is he? why doſt thou thus miſ-lead me?

Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment ſince,
And cou'd not paſs me unperceiv'd —— what hoa!
My lord, my lord, what hoa! my lord *Gonſalez!*

SCENE VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ *bloody.*

Gonſ. Perdition choak your clamours —— whence this rudeneſs?
Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, ſlavery, and death,
Are entring now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

Gonſ. No matter —— give me firſt to know the cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar.

Gar. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,
Had enter'd long e'er now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless
The king in person animate our men
Granada's host; and to confirm this fear,
The traytor *Perez*, and the captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a postern fled, and join the foe.

Gonf. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call
The *Moor*, is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose heart's blood this ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easie faith.
(Garcia *goes in.*

Alon. My lord, for certain truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the cause of his revolt,
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.
(*returning.*

Gar. Ruin and horror! O heart-wounding sight!

Gonf. What says my son? what ruin? ha? what horror?

Gar. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed——————O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
The king——————

Gonf. Alon. The king!

Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood,
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyn*, where he lies.
(*They look in.*
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner, or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his blood.

Gonf. O wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging sword.
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Shou'd

Shou'd make atonement by a death as horrid;
And fall beneath the hand of my own ſon.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
The earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-murder.

Gonſ. O my ſon! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondneſs theſe ills aroſe;
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this ſea of ſin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown, (to wreath thy brow)
Whoſe weight has ſunk me e'er I reach'd the ſhoar.

Gar. Fatal ambition! hark! the foe is enter'd:
(Shout.
The ſhrillneſs of that ſhout ſpeaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to ſearch into the cauſe
Of this ſurprizing and moſt fatal error.
What's to be done? the king's death known, will ſtrike
The few remaining ſoldiers with deſpair,
And make 'em yield to mercy of the conqu'ror.

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body;
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.
(Goes in. Shout.

Gonſ. They ſhout again! whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the ſoldiers were amus'd with hopes?
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To ſee the king in perſon at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haſte; and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

Gonſ. What haſt thou done, *Alonzo?*

Alon. Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the crown of univerſal empire.
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?——I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obſcure corner
Diſpos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them that enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable trunk:
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the king
They chance to find it.

Gonſ. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire miſdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee *Alonzo*, haſte thee hence with ſpeed,
To aid my ſon. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to re-inforce his arms: at leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his retreat.

SCENE VIII.

ZARA, *followed by* SELIM, *and two mutes bearing the bowls.*

Zara. Silence and ſolitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the ſenſe, when enter'd here; from groans
And howls of ſlaves condemn'd, from clink of chains,
And craſh of ruſty bars and creeking hinges:
And ever and anon the ſight was daſh'd
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghaſtly executioners.
Yet more this ſtillneſs terrifies my ſoul,

Than

Than did that ſcene of complicated horrors.
It may be, that the cauſe of this my errand
And purpoſe, being chang'd from life to death,
Has alſo wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? what can it more
Than death?———
Let 'em ſet down the bowls, and warn *Alphonſo*
That I am here———ſo. You return and find
(Mutes going in.
The king; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

SCENE IX.

ZARA, *and* MUTES.

Zara. What have you ſeen? ha! wherefore ſtare you thus, *(The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? why are your arms a-croſs?
Your heavy and deſponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad ſigns?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
(They go to the ſcene, which opening ſhe perceives the body.
Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! O———I'm loſt.
O *Oſmyn!* O *Alphonſo!* cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die———
Nay, came prepar'd my ſelf to give thee death———
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Oſmyn*———
O this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous king!

SCENE X.

ZARA, SELIM.

Sel. I've ſought in vain, for no where can the king Be found———

Zar. Get thee to hell, and ſeek him there.
(Stabs him.
His helliſh rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counſel.

Sel. You thought it better then---but I'm rewarded.
The mute you ſent, by ſome miſchance was ſeen,
And

And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:
I found the dead and bloody body ſtripp'd———
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails---I ſink——
Drink not the poiſon---for *Alphonſo* is———
(Dies.

Zara. As thou art now——And I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt proof he's gone.
Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
Of ſenſe: his ſoul ſtill ſees, and knows each purpoſe,
And fix'd event of my perfifting faith.
Then, wherefore do I pauſe?——give me the bowl.
(A Mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle ſpirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliſs when join'd above.
(Drinks.
O friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and froſt.
I'll creep into his boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe——or I ſhall chill his breaſt,
And fright him from my arms——ſee, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it——quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark——*(Dies.*
(The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.

SCENE XI.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, *&c.*

Alm. O let me ſeek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns! what diſmal ſcene
Of death is this? the eunuch *Selim* ſlain!

Alm.

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimn'd my ſight.
Leo. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who ſeem the murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear ——— lift up your eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to ſtab the ſight, and make your eyes
Rain blood ———
Alm. O I foreknow, foreſee that object,
Is it at laſt then ſo; is he then dead?
What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead;
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds—O more than ſavage!
Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed?
Could eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ſtone?
———I do not weep; the ſprings of tears are dry'd!
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll ſluice this heart,
The ſource of woe, and let the torrent looſe.
———Thoſe men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe innocents:
I am the ſacrifice deſign'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my throat——They ſhake
Their heads, in ſign of grief and innocence!
(They point at the bowl on the ground.
And point! what mean they? ha! a cup. O well
I underſtand what med'cine has been here.
O noble thirſt! yet greedy, to drink all———
———Oh for another draught of death——What
mean they? *(They point at the other cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks

Thanks to the liberal hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment———
Leo. O hold
For mercy's ſake; upon my knee I beg———
Alm. With thee the kneeling world ſhou'd beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? behold who proſtrate lyes,
And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave,
From his pale lips; I'll kiſs him, e're I drink,
Leſt the rank juice ſhould bliſter on my mouth,
And ſtain the colour of my laſt adieu.
Horror! a headleſs trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming nearer the body, ſtarts and lets fall the cup.*
But ſpouting veins, and mangled fleſh! O, oh!

SCENE *the laſt.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO, HELI, PEREZ, *with* GARCIA *priſoner, guards and attendants.*

Alph. Away, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from death; and ſnatch her to my heart.
Alm. Oh!———
Alph. Forbear; my arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving ſenſe,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties,
With the new-fluſhing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips, pour the ſoft trickling balm
Of cordial ſighs; and re-inſpire thy boſom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new birth to thy long-ſhaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.
Alm. Where am I? heav'n! what does this dream intend?
Alph. O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial joys.
Alm. Giv'n me again from death! O all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! can I believe
My ſight, againſt my ſight? and ſhall I truſt
That ſenſe, which in one inſtant ſhews him dead

And

And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions, and affrighting fantoms.
This is my lord, my life, my only husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion ———

Alph. O my heart's comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be entirely bless'd. Even now,
In this extreamest joy my soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep?
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonsalez and *Alonzo*, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.
Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus——
(She weeps.
Let 'em remove the body from her sight.
Ill-fated *Zara!* Ha! a cup? alas!
Thy error then is plain; but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O *Garcia!*
Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seest thou, how just the hand of heav'n has been?
Let us who through our innocence survive,
Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not, from past or present ills despair:
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds. *(Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your several faces,
And know each critic by his sour grimaces.
To poise the pit, I see them where they sit,
Scatt'd, like rank bane, up and down the pit;
While others watch like parish searchers, hir'd
To tell of what disease the play expir'd.
O with what joy they run, to spread the news
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muse!
But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Critics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on tryals in a court;
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Sussex-*men, that dwell upon the shoar,*
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands;
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of providence:
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

FINIS.

2084

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